

# THE BELL



# RINGER

Vol. XXIII, No. 3

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1967

## Totomoi Taps Seven

At a special ceremony on February 24, seven seniors were tapped into Totomoi, joining 97 alumni, faculty members, and friends of the school in this honorary fraternity, the highest honor conferred by MBA.

This year's new members are:

**Rusty Lawrence:** All-city end; captain of basketball team; vice-president of Senior class; varsity tennis player; Senior Honor Society member.

**Robbie Quinn:** president of Honor council; editor of the *Bell*; varsity football player and track record holder; member of Senior Honor Society, Service club; winner of Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation; leader of soul cheers.

**Jay Bowen:** president of Senior class, former president of Junior class; varsity football player and

track record holder; Service club member.

**Bob Bryant:** secretary of Honor Council; Merit Scholarship finalist; winner of NCTE award; associate editor of *Bell Ringer*, Features editor of *Bell*; Mrs. Lowry's left-hand man.

**Benny Meeks:** Varsity wrestler, football player, track man; member of Forensic, Big Red clubs.

**Tom Holman:** editor of *Bell Ringer*, Merit Scholarship finalist; Senior Honor Society member; varsity debater and program chairman of Forensic club.

**Bill Terry:** editor of *Bell Ringer*, Organizations editor of *Bell*; president of Forensic club, varsity debater; member of Senior Honor Society; National Merit Scholarship finalist; winner of innumerable scholastic medals.



Recent selections to Totomoi: (kneeling) Robbie Quinn, Jay Bowen; (standing) Bob Bryant, Benny Meeks, Rusty Lawrence, Bill Terry, Tom Holman.

## Seven Named Merit Finalist

Seven MBA seniors have achieved the rank of finalist in the National Merit Scholarship competition.

Bill Terry, Jerry Greer, Bob Bryant, John Shahan, Arthur Reed, Tom Holman, and Alan Kirkpatrick were awarded on February 10 certificates for this accomplishment. All MBA's semi-finalists survived the further competition.

The recent selection involved consideration of the semifinalists' Merit selection scores, their scores on the College Board Scholastic Aptitude Test, and an eight-page form completed by all semifinalists.

There are 14,200 finalists across the country, of whom 2300 will ultimately reach the distinction of National Merit Scholar.

Mr. John Stalnaker, president of the Merit Scholarship Corporation, summarizes the purpose of the program with these words: "The Merit Program is a means of recognizing talented young people of our country who will undoubtedly be among its future leaders in many fields."

of the campus organizations at MBA. Robbie Quinn, president of the Honor Council, explained briefly the operation of this organization and emphasized the vital role that honor plays in the life of a student of Montgomery Bell Academy. Next, Rusty Lawrence described the athletic programs at MBA, stressing the importance of athletics at school whether intramural or varsity. Buddy Sanders, who spoke on the recent improvements around the

(Continued on page 8)

## Forensic Team Cashes In

Primed by weeks of intensive practice, the MBA Forensic team traveled to Atlanta, Georgia for its most important tournament, the annual Barkley Forum Debate and Forensic Tournament at Emory University. Covering two days, February 3 and 4, this meet draws public and private schools in the South.

Mrs. Ridgway took eleven speakers this year. Debating were the

Isaac Litton Invitational Debate Tournament, held on Saturday, February 11.

Debating both affirmative and negative, the varsity teams did quite well. Bob Bryant and Bill Terry had a 3-1 record. With the same record, but more speaker points, Tom Holman and Bill Barton placed third in the tournament behind the two teams from St. Brendan's girls' school from Brook-



Victorious members of the forensic team display trophies won during February at Hillsboro, Litton, and Central.

lyn, New York, the national Catholic champions. Holman and Barton generously gave their Carter to Mr. Trophy and the school.

In the novice division, the affirmative team of Ricky Levy and Bruce Crabtree finished with a 2-2 record in this tournament, which marked the first time these two boys had debated. The more experienced negative team of Doug Small and Russ Rose did an outstanding job, compiling a 4-0 record and capturing first place in the novice division.

MBA sent a very small but able contingent to the first annual Hillsboro Invitational Extra Events Tournament on Saturday, February 18. In extemporaneous speaking, Loyd Smith placed third. David Salmon won first place in dramatic interpretation, and Tom Holman took first in poetry interpretation. Mrs. Ridgway, overwhelmed with this success, commended the boys with these memorable words: "Never have so few done so much for so many."

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## MBA Sponsors

### Alumni Banquet

The annual MBA alumni banquet was held this year at Hillwood Country Club on Wednesday, December 26. In the past, the banquet has been a holiday gathering restricted to alumni, but this year set a new precedent. In addition to the men, wives and dates were invited as well. Cocktails were served at 5:00, followed by a superb steak dinner, after which Mr. George Sloan presided over the program. Mr. Carter was trapped by snow in Richmond and unable to attend. The entertainment began with a performance by the MBA chorus, under the

direction of Mr. Greg Colson. The chorus sang various songs, including "Somewhere My Love" and "The Shadow of Your Smile."

The speakers for the evening were Jay Bowen, Jimmy Luten, Robbie Quinn, Rusty Lawrence, and Buddy Sanders. These seniors spoke on various topics concerning MBA today. Jay Bowen spoke on the continuing academic excellence demonstrated by the students each year. He gave as examples our accomplishments on the APSL Latin Examinations and the number of National Merit Scholarship finalists and semi-finalists. Jimmy Luten, an officer of the Big Red Club, talked about the activities of the various clubs on campus. He mentioned the purpose and some of the many accomplishments

## Big Team: You Sho Look Good to Me

MBA students have always been infamous for their flagrant lack of school spirit and complacent listlessness at sports events, pep rallies (if anyone comes at all), and in assembly. Indeed, many are the times that Mr. Carter has chastised the lethargic students and elicited from them (under duress) a "loud cheer."

Deploping this situation at a school whose athletic teams are renowned, an intrepid group of MBA seniors decided to take the matter in hand and organize *The Soul Cheers*.

Led by one of the school's most famous purveyors of spirit, Robbie (the Hen) Quinn, this small but hard-core group (largely remnants of last year's ill-fated ash-can-top pounders) proceeded first to draft a repertoire of stirring, irresistible *Soul Cheers*, each one a true emotional experience, guaranteed to whip the student body into fervent belief.

The next step was to indoctrinate the unsuspecting students with *Soul*. *The Soul Cheers* were loosed on the student body in assembly on February 10. The grand success of this debut was largely due to the mimeographing efforts of Elliot Jones and the cheerleading abilities of John Bracewell, who, with the help of Quinn, Larry Mathes, Bruce Tepper, and Shannon McDonald,



McDonald, Mathes, Quinn, and Tepper emote with true Soul as the cheerleaders look on enviously.

evoked a tumultuous response from the eager students.

Coincidentally or not, the now famous winning streak of the basketball team, in which the Big Red won 5 out of 6 games and went on to a strong last half of the season, began with the institution of the *Soul Cheers*.

Below are reprinted, for the edification of alumni and friends of the school, the *Soul Cheers*, taken from Jones' original quarto:

1. HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY! BIG TEAM: YOU SHO LOOK GOOD TO ME!

2. AAAHHHHHHH ... WE BEAT!

3. EVERY MAN CHECK YO MAN AN DON'T LET HIM SHOOT!

4. WE GOT THE FEVA! WE'RE HOT! WE CAN'T BE STOPPED!





One of the broad fields of culture largely unexplored by high-school students is that of truly esoteric modern jazz—otherwise known as “cool” jazz. Let us examine two of the more meaningful discs and discover the real value of swinging.

The first is a relatively unknown work published by Vomber Record Company of Music City, New Hampshire. This album is “The Clive Vomber Quintet plus Ornette Jumper on A minor Flugelhorn Swings at *The Pink Porcupine*.” Jumper provides precision counterpoint with Vomber’s F-flat major contralto vibes and the rest of the quintet on several Vomber originals, including his big hit *The Mabry Hotel Stomp*, recorded in 1958 at the famous Mabry Hotel fire. It was in this number that Jumper, after emoting at the recording session for 351 choruses, enclosed himself in his flugelhorn case in a fit of nostalgia. Most of the compositions on this wax are in Vomber’s favorite time signature, 8/9 (built around a four-bar phrase of diminished triplets), and provide an excellent introduction to the beginner in experimental rhythms.

The second album we shall consider is more famous, but no less profound. This is entitled simply “Delinations: Pete Wombat and his E-flat Alto Titterpipe.” Pete’s selections, largely traditional jazz classics, are performed against the original background of four B-sharp harpsichords, three kettledrums, seven bass clarinets, the Swingle Slingers, and two song flutes, one pitched a diminished minor sixth below the other. Wombat’s sensitive Titterpipe weaves around the airy accompaniment in exhilaratingly new arrangements of such standards as *The Brothers Go to Mother’s*, *Tonight I Shall Sleep With A Smile On My Face*, *The Tintinn Abbey Smash*, and a newly-popular composition by up-and-coming composer Franck Carter, *I Can’t Give You Anything But Love, Baby-Doll*. Incidentally, an unusual atmosphere was set at the recording session when Wombat showed up before time for his daily dose of pot.

Lack of space prevents us from exploring some of the more unusual forms of jazz, or from giving a solid background in the history and culture of this art form. Interested students might delve into the *Playboy* Jazz Poll’s back files, old issues of *Beat-Down* magazines, or the waiting room of the Office of Employment Security.

## Parable and Paradox in Winnie-The-Pooh

No one, having read the timeless allegory of *Winnie-The-Pooh*, could ever deny that its greatness, depth, and eloquence are a match for even such immortal works as *Alice in Wonderland* or *The Wizard of Oz*. Its realistic portrayal of life, its relentless struggle to find the quintessence of man’s existence, and its shocking exposure of many social evils of today’s world are unquestionably without peer.

One of the many laudable aspects of the work is its appeal to the superficial and intellectual mentalities alike. Even on the surface, it is an absorbing, delightful, and action-packed saga. Inspired by an offhand remark by Christopher Robin, Edward Bear (more universally known as Winnie-The-Pooh) suggests to friend Piglet (the Census Bureau have no record of his full name) that the two of them attempt to catch a Heffalump.

A. A. Milne, *Winnie-The-Pooh*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1954.

Piglet is at first skeptical, but Pooh’s adept mind is quick to dispel all hesitance. They would dig a Very Deep Pit, decided Pooh. The Heffalump would be walking along, humming a little tune and looking up at the sky, and wondering if it were going to rain. He would step into the Very Deep Pit, not realizing his mistake until he were half-way to the bottom, when it would be too late.

Suppose it were raining already, demanded Piglet. To a trained logician of Pooh’s caliber, this presented no real difficulty. Then the Heffalump would be looking at the sky wondering if it were going to *clear up*. As for the best location of the Very Deep Pit, they decided it should be somewhere where a Heffalump was, only about a foot farther on. They decided to bait the trap with honey, for honey is a “very trappy food.”

That night all lay in wait, but, as the great poet George Burns once stated: “The best laid schemes of bears and pigs gang aft agley.” Pooh was struck in the night by a hunger fit and went to borrow some honey from the Heffalump pit, unwittingly getting the jar stuck on his head. Piglet at the same time was seized by fright of Heffalumps and went in the night to see if one had really

## Dear Sur

*Editors’ note: this letter was received by the MBA Admissions Office and forwarded to the Bell Ringer in hopes that a public reprinting would discourage such frequent annoyances to the Admissions Office.*

Dear sur:

I am a good football player and I want to play football for a good school like yours and get into a good college like Alabama or Ole Miss or U.T. Could I?

I am in the eighth grade and I go to school and will maybe be out the eighth grade next year because my teacher dont like me now for a long time.

My coach says your a good football player and autu go to a good football academy like M.B.A. in Nashville. Whats M. B. A. stand for?

And my friends told me you were looking for good football players and thats me.

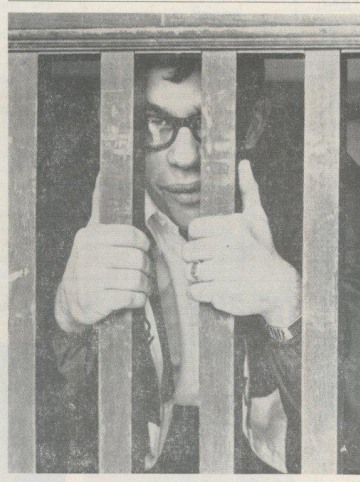
Would you please reserve me a room in your football dorm ether on the 3rd floor or the 2nd floor because Im a high jumper too? And I sure could use one of your football scholarships with tuton and meals and a car and all.

Are you going to make me to to classes every month? I hope not because I been going to classes for eight years man and boy and it has not done me any good because I dont like to go to classes because all the teachers hate me and anyway its not very much fun. Thats why I am such a real good football player, because its fun.

I really do hope you have a extra room in the football dorm and a athletic scholarship, but if you have to you can give me a academic scholarship and I will go to classes too, if Coach tells me to.

But not math. I hate math and it hates me and even Coach can not get me in math class. I herd you hav some mighty mean math teachers too.

My mother wants to know if you will make me go to bed by 9 thirty in the evening because I being a good football player need my sleep, so I can lie beneath a strange roof and think of home after I am emptied for sleep. And my mother being dead is real concerned about me running around with any of them boys which smoke and run around with mean looking girls. And my mother says she’ll switch them till she draws blud like she does me if they corrupt me.



been trapped—if so, he would feign sickness and so excuse himself from having to fetch the Heffalump. Upon seeing what he thought was a Heffalump, but what actually was Pooh, he ran to Christopher Robin, who miraculously set the situation straight.

Even the most inert mind can reach some of the symbolism buried in this tale. The Heffalump, first of all, is symbolic of truth; the entire story is the allegory of man’s quest for truth. Pooh, one can readily observe, is a very self-centered character: he sees and interprets all life in terms of his own standards; hence his sureness that all Heffalumps would like honey. He controls his own character and that of Piglet so completely; he is so complacent in his plans that he faces the prospect of the Heffalump with measureless confidence. This, in the end, is his tragic flaw: he sacrifices his whole glorious enterprise to satisfy his selfish personal desires.

Piglet, however, is Pooh’s antithesis. He is insecure, cynical about all that is strange to him, and deathly afraid of what truth has to offer him. He is afraid, above all, of self-recognition, this being his greatest foible. Thus the story adopts a tragic tone, reminiscent of the greatest days of Sophocles and Euripides. Christopher Robin functions as the *Deus ex machina*.

One can at last see what esoteric message Milne is so desperately attempting to communicate to the reader—man’s quest for truth is impeded only by his own imperfect human nature. It is in this philosophical vein that one may fathom the true meaning of Pooh’s musing, “I suppose that’s why Heffalumps are hardly ever caught.”

Are your cheerleaders cute looking? Because its no fun to play football for ugly ones because they can yell and all but they have not got nothing to show for it after the game.

Finally I am worried about college and thats a good reason to go to a good prep school like yours because its so hard for a young boy to know how to choose. Do you think Alabama will be number one say in 1975? Well, I guess you will help me in choosing this all important choice to my future to come.

That is really all I had to say so I will see you in next September, after this one.

Your friend,  
Willie Faulk  
RFD #3  
Jefferson, Mississippi (I dont know my zip code number. Is that all right?)

## Prayer to Pan

An MBA Student’s Prayer to: the god of semester averages; the god of college admissions; Pan.

Beetle-browed Pan and all you other gods who have taken the mighty journey, grant me the sanctity of the human heart, yay when I walk through the valley of the scaffold scenes! Let me never have parrots on my shirt nor even let me see a green light. Make me pick up all naked swimmers while I’m standing on the stairway. Let me never have my tonsils wounded while dividing the company’s share of coffee nor ever let me touch a soft wet substance glazed with rain water while I am blindfolded. Never let a black line run from my wrist to my armpit. Let there be no fun until I come. Make me an integral personality. Let me never nail someone’s right hand on a door above the smell of horses; rather, let me hang an albatross about his neck! Cause me to be born to trouble as sure as the sparks fly upward! Never let me put a jellyfish out in the sun to melt nor ever let me sit in a chinaberry tree picking fleas off myself and “crunching” then turn on my brother’s keeper and shout “I’ve had an accident!” Never let tears of defeat blind my eyes.

Anything more? yes. When the wise perceive that amount of gold which they deem as heavy enough, give me “More Weight!” Never let me minimize a Chevy nor open its windshield. Make me fortunate enough to always have a box of ginger snaps on hand and some rat poison. This, I think, is enough for the present; so until my pseudo-religious fervor returns, I leave you with this sagesse Greek saying: “Pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep.”

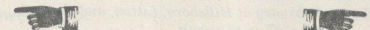
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*The Bell Ringer would like to thank*

*all the linotype operators who have L*

*abored so faithfully to copy ( ) the arsign*

*of the writers.*



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## A Good School Is Hard To Find

by Bob Buchanan and Bill Cockrill

*The Electric Train of Humanity at Davidson, or A Good School Is Hard To Find:*

Davidson is a small, liberal arts college, rated among the best in the nation. Affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, this highly selective institution has an enrollment of one thousand men, accepting only twenty per cent of its applicants.

Davidson is located in the central Piedmont, nineteen miles north of Charlotte, North Carolina. The town of Davidson, near beautiful Lake Norman, is within easy driving distance of Winston-Salem, Raleigh, and Atlanta. It is nine hours driving time from Nashville. (By the way, freshmen are allowed to have cars.)

The main buildings are on a spacious and shady 80-acre campus. Four miles northwest of the main campus is the 106-acre Lake campus, which is used for recreation. The students are housed in seven dormitories; most classrooms are in the Chambers Building. Over five million dollars has been spent in the past ten years on the school plant.



The calibre of the Davidson student body is very high, and competition is keen. Davidson uses a three-point grading system, with a "+" adding .5 points to one's grade. A very high percentage of Davidson men go on to graduate work, especially in the fields of medicine and ministry. The pre-med program is probably the finest in the South. In spite of Davidson's difficulty, the MBA graduate is well prepared for its courses. Indeed, the past two valedictorians have been MBA graduates: David Walker and Paul Simpson.

Nor should Davidson's prominence in the sciences discourage the Humanities major. The college has an excellent interdisciplinary course called the Humanities Program which meets six days a week both Freshman and Sophomore years.

Davidson recognizes the advanced placement program; "4's" and "5's" are given automatic credit, and "3's" are usually accepted. The junior year may be spent with the Davidson program in Marburg, Germany, or Montpellier, France. During the junior year, interested students may also spend a semester at the American University in Washington, D. C.

## Sophomore Insights

Now that exams are over, the weary sophomores return to the grinding routine of school, hoping that they can last until spring vacation. With a few exceptions, the sophomores did well on their exams. One notable exception, Ed Fish, has finally made it into Hillsboro. Congratulations, Ed.

The sophomores have also been busy in non-scholastic activities, one of which—athletics—is the only one suitable for a school newspaper article. In varsity basketball, Jeff Peoples and Barry Holt have played important roles for the Big Red. Since there are only three juniors on the Junior Varsity squad, the sophomores have been instrumental in that team's success. Bill Husband, Barry Banker, Bruce Jones, and Teddy McNabb have done especially well. The sophomores who have wrestled for the varsity (which finished with great success this season) are Brett Kirkpatrick, Bill Davenport, and the fabulous Clyde Smith.

We felt it necessary to print a few rumors which have been circulating among the sophomores:

Bruce Jones' motto: "If it moves, foul it; if it bounces, shoot it."

Henry Walker is lifting weights at home so that he may one day stand up to the Fox.

Earl Williams made it to school on time one Monday morning in February.

The Sophomore Class is considering a chaperoned party.

Casey Reed has gone to sleep on the bench during the first half of every Junior Varsity game this year.

Many extra-curricular opportunities are available. The *Davidsonian* newspaper is published once a week. Davidson also offers debate clubs, chorus, band, drama, political organizations, social work, and intramural and intercollegiate athletics.

Furthermore, Davidson has two distinctive institutions not enjoyed by most other schools. The first is the honor system, which is controlled (as at MBA) by the students. Mike Mooty (MBA, '64) is one of the junior representatives. The other feature is the Faculty Open House. Each Sunday night certain faculty members open their homes to students, providing an invaluable opportunity to know one's professor on a non-academic basis.

An especially enjoyable aspect of Davidson life is its program of social activities. Concert and dance weekends, featuring such entertainers as "The Four Seasons," "The Righteous Brothers," Dionne Warwick, Ian and Sylvia "The Association," and Judy Collins, help to relieve the week-end to week-end monotony that college students everywhere experience. There are a bevy of girls' schools within easy reach, all full of young beauties eager to date a "Davidson Gentleman."



Fraternities also play a very important role in social life. About seventy per cent of the student body belong to the twelve national fraternities on campus. Although the fraternity houses are not residential, all members eat "down at the House" and spend their leisure time there. Rush takes place in the first week of the second semester.

That's the short tour of Davidson. Perhaps you are asking, "What does Davidson have to offer me?" We can only say that to us Davidson has offered a friendly, yet at times hostile, environment in which to grow. It is a place where one must study to survive, but where also one must, at the right times, have fun to remain sane. It is a world that few high school students have known.

## Junior Cuts

The big question being asked throughout the class now is, "Anne who??" While we wander aimlessly (meander) meditating this, we learn that Doug Small has walked away with this month's Point Grubber of the Month Award. However, the big news is that Lochte's jungle noise imitations have finally made it big; accordingly, we award him the RAMAR of the Jungle Trophy for Excellence in Sound Effects.

This month's box score: Metro Police 1, Vandy 0

\* \* \*

Notes

To C. H. at the Hall—It's CANCER! To "Jones' woman"—He still just laughs about Dickson.

\* \* \*

Classic Quotes—Some of Which Are Apt to Appear on Mr. Poston's Next Test. Neff; She [Mrs. Hollins] is a hick.

R. Rose: Fraternity pins are only good for digging splinters out of feet.

Mrs. Hollins: I'm going to make Neff's life miserable next year.

Harris: Every morning I read the comics and the obituaries in the paper.

Miss Evans: You know, I can't hear him. I must be going blind.

Brown: I just made a zero on that test.

Chaffin: Well, speak of the Devil!

Mr. Meriwether: Chaffin, the next time you say that, ? (&!)

Bottig: . . . and then we went running through the Harpeth Hall parking lot.

Moats: It's a male color.

Mr. Bennett: Hey, how come those dog pictures keep getting bigger every day?

The Sad Historian of the Pensive Plain.



In Spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, sunshine, commencement, and . . . FLORIDA!

Nowhere are the many wonders of our neighbor to the south so aptly expressed as in its own name:

F is for the freedom from teachers, books, and parents;

L is for lying sick in bed with malaria, mono, yellow fever, or the dreaded Creeping Japanese Jungle Rot;

O is for the amount of money which you have left when you return to Nashville;

R is for roasted alive, which is what you are after the first day on the beach;

I is for the irony when it's 40 degrees at Daytona and 75 degrees back in Nashville;

D is for the dump where you stay and the dysentery which you get from eating the food there; and finally,

A is for the agony of returning home to parents, Harpeth Hall girls, themes, and Calculus. Put them all together and they spell ten unforgettable days which no one ever seems able to remember.

## Butler Speaks on Viet Nam

Mr. Howard Butler, a graduate of MBA and presently a Major General in the Tennessee Air National Guard, addressed the student body on Tuesday, February 14. He related some of the experiences he has had transporting various types of cargo and personnel to aid the American war effort in Viet Nam.

The fighting itself, explained Gen. Butler, resembles nothing ever before experienced by any nation; friend is indistinguishable from foe; there is no well-defined battle front, as is found in traditional warfare; the American forces do not occupy one more inch of ground than they did 5 years ago. Among the few encouragements General Butler saw in the statistics is the incredible efficiency in which medical attention and first aid are administered to the wounded.

Having already been at war for some 19 years, South Viet Nam is far from being free, as General Butler pointed out. He concluded by saying that many of us will be fighting in the future to try to help the people of South Viet Nam gain their long cherished wish of freedom.

## Tolkien's Ring Revisited

The One Ring endowed its wearers with mastery over living creatures, even over the rest-room monitor! There is, however, one ugly aspect to this otherwise "peach of a ring." Being devised by a power whose inclinations are all prone to evil, the Ring will inevitably make its wearer foul and full of base thoughts. A no less that elanphatine struggle ensues involving all walks of life in Middle Earth, a struggle of such dimensions that it makes the stampeede scene in Walt Disney's *Bambi* look overrated.

Of course, anyone who is "in" will recognize the above passage as dealing with J. R. R. Tolkien's trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*. This review will concern itself only with the first two books of the trilogy, *The Fellowship of the Ring* and *The Two Towers*. Before immersing one's self in this article, one must be cognizant of that which has taken place beforehand; thus, we digress momentarily.

Briefly: a hobbit finds a ring and returns to the Shire (the home of the hobbits between the Far Downs and the River Brandywine) with it. Sprinkled delicately within the above quest are dragons, orcs, trolls, war, blood, guts, and death. Now we are ready to take up the first two books of the trilogy.

As fate would have it, the ring brought back to the Shire was the One Ring! God forbid you say! If you failed to say that, we strongly suggest that you remain with us so at your next cocktail party, when

*Flash*—Duke Elam informs us that Captain Kangaroo is still on the air!

The latest craze of the Century Class is eighth-period class ring spinning. Nimble-fingered seniors such as Mike Craig, however, have a long way to go before they defeat the present world record time held by a Guatemalan orangutang who spun a native for 3 days, 7 hours, 33 minutes, and seven seconds on the ring through his nose.

Comments:

Gorrell: "Honest, officer, my father is lieutenant governor."

Bowen: "I was born naked."

Quinn: "Yes, Mr. Carter, I'll read my history as soon as I've finished writing the annual."

Brackin: "I've got to study history so I'll have time to finish my theme in calculus class."

Evans: "Louisville, Richmond, Ashland City, Detroit, Mt. Juliet. What's my mamma going to say?"

## From the Attic

Some interesting notes from 7B at the half-year: Mike Moynihan is Captain Flab, the superhero of all time . . . Buck Cole has a dating service . . . Jack Bailey is getting to Mr. Ridgway . . . R. Rogers likes the number "5" . . . Mark Wright talks . . . Phil Lee likes magic markers . . . Bill Freeman plays basketball (too) . . . Ted Spellings is some male scientist . . . Bill Abernathy is lucky . . . Will M. J. quit school because of E.T.? . . . Has J. B. really flipped for A.W.? . . . When's A. H. gonna learn? . . . Will G. H. buy S. M. a pink polka-dot bikini? . . . Will T. S. show C. P. the science lab at midnight?

With these things in mind, don't you wish you were a seventh-grader?

The Valentine's Dance for the Junior School occurred on Friday, February 10 in the erstwhile cafeteria. The "Times" combo provided the music. A new dance, the "Soul Hop," was created by Soap. In the seventh grade dance contest, Marshall Johnson and Ellen Tash took the fast dance award and Rip Trammel and Donna Tanner won in slow dance competition. (Tanner was noted doing the fox trot!)

On the afternoon of the dance, the basketball team was very busy, as the microbes defeated archrival Ensworth 28-14. Captain Ernie Leonard was high scorer with a scorching 12 points. Graham was outstanding as manager. The team of 12 consisted of the four captains from each of the three rooms of the seventh grade.

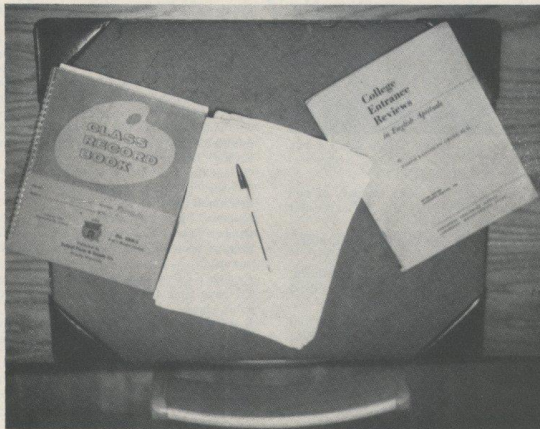
In seventh grade intramural basketball play, the winning teams were the White Weasles, the Blue Devils, and the Whiter Whites.

you're drinking 2 to 1 martinis and discussing Socrates and Herman Wouk, you will be able to say God forbid should anyone bring the above subject into focus. This ring was forged by Sauron, the Dark Lord, and in its own curious way, it controls the three rings of the eleven kings, the seven rings of mortal men. Should Sauron regain possession of this trinket—well, the mind reels.

In Rivendell, the Great Council of Elrond was held at which it was decided that an attempt must be made to destroy the Ring. As it happened, Frodo was appointed the Ring-Bearer. Unlike most rings around today, the One Ring cannot be smashed to pieces or let to fall in a vat of acid. Oh no; the only way possible to destroy the Ring is to melt it in the eternal fires of Mount Doom or more commonly called in one's geography text, Ordruin. But wait! Where should the Mountain of Fire (another name for Ordruin) be? You guessed it; centrally located in the middle of Mordor, Sauron's year-round retreat from mundane problems. Adding fuel to the fire, this little summer palace is scarcely thirty miles away from Sauron's real home, Lugburz, or as it is sometimes referred to as Barad-dur.

The task of destroying the Ring is by any standards impossible. The situations in this story make Orpheus' *Myths of the World* look like bedtime stories for the D.A.R. Home for Aeneas Foundlings with Weak Hearts. After reading this fantasy, one can well imagine why the most popular slogan chalked on a wall today is not, "J. Edgar Hoover sleeps with a Nightlight!" but rather "Frodo lives!"





Dick Smead

### Problems

We glimpse life through a mist,  
For our imitation of knowledge  
Binds the future with our mistakes  
And thus casts it upon hell's edge.

We, furious idiots, preoccupy ourselves  
With the insatiable love of our vanity;  
In discussion we dole out our ignorance,  
Desiring to share it with humanity.

Yet worse, we attempt to understand the  
Essence of Steinbeck and of Frost;  
We measure their pages with bookmarkers  
To apportion what we have lost.

Sam Butts

### On Precocity

By the time he was six months old, he  
could read;  
At one year, he could solve a Hardy Boys  
mystery in fifteen pages.  
At age 5, he was writing Hardy Boys  
stories.

He knew the names of 88 Senators and  
43 governors at six  
(He didn't quite know what freedom  
meant)

He memorized *How To Win Friends and  
Influence People* from back to front;  
("I wonder what friendship is," he mut-  
tered.)

The maiden names of the wives of all the  
Australian Prime Ministers he knew:  
("But what does *love* mean?" he puzzled.)

By the time he was 40, he was receiving  
social security.

By the time he died, he had never lived.  
Steve Neff

### In Defense of Ignorance

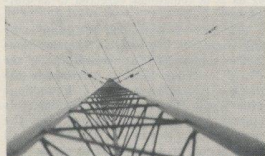
Man seeks the day of problems' end,  
A time of utter triumph over cares,  
A goal which he may never reach—  
At least I pray he may never reach.  
For the minds and sanities of all men  
Thrive on the labyrinth of predicament,  
Which blocks the steady pace of progress;  
For progress is nothing more than  
Breaking down the doors of questions un-  
answered,

Nothing more than a few bricks toppled  
From the wall of ignorance and darkness.  
Indeed, what brain, what keen mind  
Could live in a world of answered ques-  
tions:

I tell you, it would soon be the end of man,  
Should perfection befall him some day.

So stay disease, stay ignorance—stay!  
Stay here, you burdens of man.  
For if you left, man would be useless.  
A good with no evil, a tool with no task.

Harry Denson



Paul Ogil

### The Red Grade Book

so much depends  
upon

a red grade  
book

glazed with tear  
water

beside the white  
themes

Irvin Carlos Irvins



Dick Smead

### Perhaps Something Better

People no longer cry;  
There is nothing to cry about.  
The horizon is desolate  
And a million lost souls look back.

Life was once so gay,  
Life was once so new.  
But people were not friends to all  
And the end came as it should.

Tomorrow will never come;  
Yesterday is far behind.  
Today was the greatest of all.  
Man lives no more.

Scott Orman

### Two Worlds

I look to the sky.  
My dream world.  
I long for the sky.  
Here I am confined;  
There, I can be free.  
I long for open seas of eternity.  
I want not to be a slave  
To other slaves;

In the sky, death will not be my master.  
Eternal;  
My dream world;  
I long for the sky.

Here from my vantage point  
I see both earth and sky.  
My body charred by flames  
And shrivelled by heat  
Has not enough strength  
To climb to the sky.  
But I am trying.

(name withheld by request)

### A Pome, Not a Poem

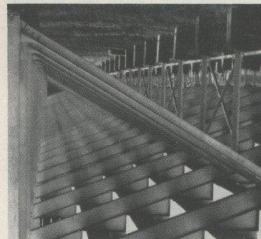
Enflamed  
with the memory of a coarse-sounding  
tennis court roller  
years ago,  
I sprang  
at the chance to go places:

What is it which calls  
your Spirit  
from afar and urges  
passionately  
to quit the droning routine and seek  
a new experience?

The answer is, clichely, blowing in the  
wind,  
and the response rejuvenates  
a soul on a sandy blowing beach.

For what is accomplished  
without reliving a memory,  
and where can one go if  
he has never gone before?

Buddy Hughey



Dick Smead

### A Thought

Life is but a tortuous gauntlet:  
Stumble, and there is death.  
Stand, and there is the same.

George Bullard



Paul Ogil

### The Death of a Blind Man

He came, he looked, but did not see;  
No sight impaired his steady mind;  
To facts and truth he seemed so blind.  
His thoughts fell short of validity,  
Causing one great fear—reality.  
Heavens! Could such a man ever find  
A fact so sobering as would bind  
Truth to his coarse personality?  
Never.

This one died as he did live;  
To way of facts he would not give,  
And for his trait will 'ere seem to me—  
The one so blind for he would not see.

J. Hunter Atkins

O Mind, how old are you? Do you want to grow up? I'm afraid to. I might be a grown-up. They're horrible. You know, I had two friends once. They liked each other a lot. Then one day, one of the mothers found out that her son's playmate was colored; she wouldn't let her son play with him any more. She says they're different, but to me they only look a different color. You know, Mind?

### Darkness; Silence

Darkness; Silence  
Darkness; silence.  
The white moon floats overhead;  
The street hard beneath my feet.

Shadows of rows of houses  
Sit to the left and right.  
I dare not make a sound  
Lest sleeping houses erupt  
In tireless, barking dogs  
And angry, squinting faces.

Night's a boundless boundary—  
Up to my eyes,  
Up to my mind in blackness of mid-  
night.

My life ends outside my skin.  
Close my eyes.  
And there's nothing at all  
But soft movement of my lungs,  
Beating of my heart,  
Thoughts in my mind.

Tom Holman

### Melancholy

Alone am I in this world, my world.  
I have tasted the sweetness of life  
And found it bitter.  
I have encountered the joys of living  
And watched them vanish.  
I have seen the unity of man  
And called it conformity.  
I have studied the greatness of rulers  
And realized their weakness.  
Life holds no treasure;  
Little chance is there for man to justify  
his being.  
Life is death and death is life.  
Does this seem so strange?  
Man's experience is twofold—  
Life and death.  
If life be futile, can death be also?  
Alone was I in that world, your world.

Rusty Lawrence



Tom Moss

O Mind, why do you struggle so? It's futile, you know that. Just be you and be happy, don't be what others want; what do they know of happiness? If others were happy, they would leave you alone and tend to themselves.



*A Sonnet*

Have you ever seen the sea come boiling  
up at you?  
It rushes over the rocks and hurls itself  
vainly against the cliff . . .  
Headlong, it dashes in its mad frenzy over  
the slimy rocks and splinters into a  
myriad of crystal chips which reflect  
the sun like a labyrinth of mirrors . . .  
It pounds away at a hidden cache in  
which some small creature has sought  
refuge from its throbbing passion . . .  
Each new wave assaults a cliff twice its  
size . . .  
All in vain. All in vain.

Gulls squeal and float in lazy circles over  
small whirlpools left by the tide . . .  
Jauntily the rocks jutt out in a jagged  
procession and boast of their grandeur  
as they have done for a millineum.  
Furiously the sea attacks these stone  
bastions!  
All in vain. All in vain.

Why is there sand?

Tommy Glassman



Dick Smead

*The Blind Man*

He rises to the happy sound  
Of Robin singing all around.  
Out of doors he feels his way,  
Imbibes the mist of dawning day.

Along his way, the scent of flowers  
Makes him want to stop for hours.  
All about him there he feels  
Green grass, moist earth, beneath his  
heels.

With feet and ears that form a team,  
He sees the cool and gurgling stream.  
With face uplifted to the sun  
Whose waning warmth says day is done.

Blind eyes that cannot see the sky,  
The man sees more than you or I.  
Jim Luton

A short, dark alley,  
Not winding like some—  
Just straight with buildings  
Rearing up on either side.  
Dark and glum, the buildings  
Have windows, broken long ago.  
No cheery light,  
But broken, ragged edges.  
Cardboard boxes and steel drums,  
Filled with litter,  
Line the doorways.  
Down the alley, slowly,  
Come a boy and girl,  
Hand in hand.  
They stop,  
Embrace,  
They kiss;  
And this response  
Has lighted that dark alley.

Jerry Greer

*The Passing*

Faithful companion, full  
Of life's bold spirit;  
Friend evermore whose delight always  
Was my pleasure.  
Say not, "My life was spent in wander-  
ing;"  
My sorrow at your passing denies this.  
All times will I recall that last moment  
When fine drops of health and warm glow  
Poured out, never to return;  
That fire burning inside, and the sight  
Of a friend slipping through my fingers,  
Fallen apart at the last:  
Killed—a dead end.

Robert Lochte

*Midnight Mass*

12 o'clock, and all is well  
And dark—  
And slick streets won't  
Kill you—But let you  
Slide to all eternal truth.  
Red is warm but  
Blue is ice,  
And when have you  
Seen Red eyes?  
I need another jacket.

David Salmon



Paul Ogle

O Mind, do you believe in God? What? You don't? Oh, you're not sure? Ah, I see. If modern man understands the ways of God, then the Master is in a bad way. Yes, I agree there, too. God is poor company for those who don't speak his language. You know, Mind, when you think about it—God being a silent partner in this world—we certainly give Him the short end, don't we?

*Make Me God*

Make Me God  
Make me God  
That on my death  
Great tears are shed  
So then might all who laughed  
Be smitten by my saintly hand.

Make me God  
That they should shudder at my name  
And bow before my hallowed feet  
To praise the sanctity of my soul.

Let them ask not  
For whom nor when nor why.  
They are but fleeting flashes  
In eternal time.

Make me God  
That all that made me suffer  
Shall die a hundred times the more.  
The evil that is in the world  
Shall perish before my holy will.  
All the world is sin;  
But hate me not

Elliott Jones



Paul Ogle

*I Loved Her*

I loved her.  
Though the time elapsed  
Since her death is great,  
I still feel as if she were with me now.  
And though she is not here,  
I sometimes wonder why she is so real in  
my dreams.  
She loved life; she told me so.  
Had she not,  
And loved me more,  
She would be alive today,  
And I . . . past tomorrow.

George Bullard

*The Raindrops  
Shatter Softly*

The raindrops shatter softly  
As they strike the window of the car.  
We feel safe and dry when we hear  
The raindrops on the roof above us.  
Together we are warm;  
But it is cold outside and  
We can make funny faces on the windows  
And write I love you.  
There are things so different  
Between summer and winter,  
And we can feel them here.

The raindrops shatter softly  
As they strike the glass around us;  
And we sigh quietly, but knowing that  
Much and some things cannot be said.  
And we know that our love is not eternal.  
And yet, together we are very, very warm.  
And we feel so safe as we hear:  
The raindrops shatter softly on the  
Windows of the car.

(name withheld by request)

*Love's End*

I wish that I could reach out and touch  
you;  
To feel your arms around me,  
To feel your head on my shoulder.  
I was your comforter.

This dark room was our home;  
Here we played at love.  
I gave love;  
You gave love.  
But we forgot our trust.

On the window I now hear rain,  
Yet on my face I feel the sun.  
Funny,  
Outside there's no rainbow.

(name withheld by request)

O Mind, do you believe in good and bad? You know . . . like Hell? I guess you have to sin to go there, don't you? You know, it's wild. I mean, sin. Something as bad as sin must be great. If it weren't, people wouldn't try to prohibit it. Take sex for example. It was always here, but never so much talked about. What about morality? It's always the same. Immorality varies. Hey, Mind, Look up there at that blue sky. Isn't it great? Just look how empty it is. See the great big white cloud way, way over there? C'mon, Mind. Let's go jump in it.

Tommy Glassman



Paul Ogle

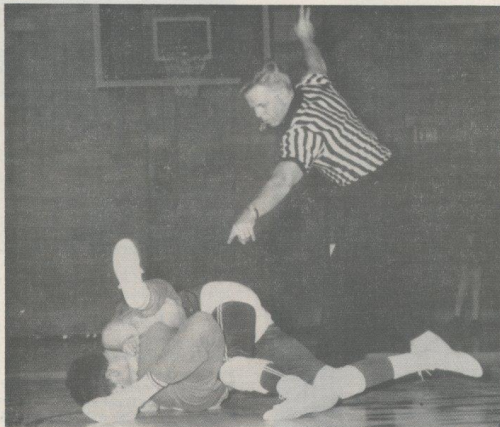


## Wrestlers Stage Valiant Comeback

by Brett Kirkpatrick

Duke Elam and Clyde Smith were the only two of the eight-man wrestling team that represented MBA at the State High School Wrestling Tournament in Chattanooga on Feb. 17 and 18 to place within the top four contestants in their weight brackets. Duke, the only MBA wrestler to maintain his self-control in face of an adverse situation (namely the ultra-short mini skirts of the East Ridge cheerleaders) took third place in the 138 lb. weight class. Duke lost only one match, and that was to Howard Chronolager of Chattanooga Notre Dame (who eventually took first place in that weight) in the semi-finals but then went on to win all of his matches in the consolation bracket. In the consolation finals, he defeated Tim Clepper of Ryan 3-0. Third is the highest that any MBA wrestler has placed in the state tournament. Former third place winners being: Rick Evans, 1965 and Tom Gambill, 1966.

Clyde Smith, after a tough match in the hotel room the night before, lost his quarter-final match to a man from Chattanooga Central (who eventually took second place). Clyde then pinned his opponent from East Ridge in the consolation semi-finals. Clyde then valiantly conquered a cup of tea mixed with half of a bottle of Dextrose at the dinner table. His instant energy failed him in the consolation finals, and he took fourth place. Clyde, as a sophomore, is one of the youngest MBA wrestlers to place in the state.



Startled referee calls a technical foul on number 2, the Loch Ness monster.

In order to go to the state tournament, one must place in the top four in the regional tournament. All but four of MBA's twelve wrestlers qualified to go to Chattanooga. The boys who ranked in the region were: Clyde Smith (95 lb.), second; Jimmy Porter (112 lb.), second; Brett Kirkpatrick (120 lb.), third; John Harlan (127 lb.), third; Ted Mann (133 lb.), second; Duke Elam (138 lb.), first; Bill Davenport (145 lb.), fourth; and Harry Denson (154 lb.), fourth. These boys represented MBA in the state tournament. The six who failed to place in the state were beaten by boys who placed at least within the top four.

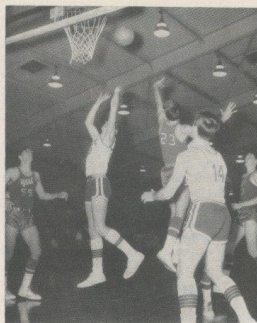
The state tournament culminated the season for the Big Red wrestling team, which, after a very slow start, made the comeback of the year. Having lost eight starters from last year's undefeated team, the grapplers had the even more formidable obstacle, of changing coaches. John Riggins, letterman on the Sevanee varsity wrestling team, who was third in the SEC his junior year, did a tremendous job of developing the second best team in Region 3. All teams in Middle and Western Tennessee make up this region.

The Big Red started slowly, losing to CMA, SMA, Ft. Campbell, Franklin, TSB, and Donelson. Determined to prove that they were not as poor a team as their record indicated, the team practiced every

day during the Christmas Holidays to build up their stamina and strength. All seemed to no avail, however, when the Big Red lost their first match after the holidays to Donelson, but on Thursday of the same week, the team beat Franklin. Friday, the team went to BGA and handed the Wildcats their closest match (to date), losing by only four points. The Big Red bounced back to slaughter Cumberland 56-0, only four points shy of a perfect score. With a 2-8 record, the team entered the NIL tournament. Here the wrestlers really began to show their determination. Going into the tournament shy two men because of injuries (Alan Kirkpatrick (165) and Brett Kirkpatrick (120) and with two replacements (Bill Davenport for Benny Meeks and Deever Collins for Fred Guttman), the Big Red astounded everyone by taking the third place trophy, ahead of BGA, TSB, and Franklin.

The NIL tournament gave the Big Red the momentum that they needed. Exam week cut into the practice schedule and another loss to Ft. Campbell dashed many hopes of a comeback. The team, however was undaunted and began preparing fiercely for the two biggest matches of the year.

The Ryan match started slowly with Clyde Smith gaining a tie and Deever Collins losing a decision. Then Jimmy Porter "really came through" and beat Mike Boles (who placed third in the state) shooting the team's morale sky-high. Brett Kirkpatrick then tied Mike Garr



### MBA 78-Lipscomb 60

The MBA varsity basketball team won its first game of the season, scoring 78 points to Lipscomb's 60. This win came after rough games with BGA, West, and Pearl. The spark plug of the team, Elliot Jones, was top player with 29 points and 14 rebounds. He was 9 for 9 at the free throw line. Tom Roddy had an unusually hot night, hitting on 73% of his shots for 16 points and grabbing 7 rebounds. Jeff Peebles had 13 points and 5 rebounds. Charlie Kantor helped the cause with 9 points. The team hit on 31 of 77 shots for a substantial 40.3% and made 16 out of 20 from the free throw line. Everyone on the team figured in the pre-Christmas win. This game gave the team the confidence that it needed for future games.

### MBA 65-West 43

In the same week of the T.P.S. game, MBA also beat West 65 to 43. This was the second meeting of these two teams; West won the first game by only 3 points. The Big Red, led by the hands of big Elliot Jones and Jeff Peebles, was out to revenge the first loss. The two teams left the court at half-time with MBA leading 25-23. West tried in vain to stop the MBA team, which scored 31 points in the fourth quarter. Jones and Peebles fought it out for scoring honors, Jones with 20 points and Peebles 19. Phillip Englert had 9 points and captain Rusty Lawrence scored 5. Following the West game, MBA beat Lipscomb, Howard, T.P.S., Peabody, and East, falling only to the powerful Ryan team.

### MBA 69-T.P.S. 57

On January 17, the Big Red started a winning streak which saw MBA win five out of its next five games. The T.P.S. game was the catapult which gave the team the momentum it needed. MBA was outscored 33 to 18 the first half, but something happened in the locker room at the halftime to change this situation. The big guns of MBA scored 29 points in the third quarter to the 8 points of T.P.S. In the fourth quarter, MBA also outscored T.P.S. to take the victory with ease. Jeff Peebles was high scorer with 21 points, 14 of these coming in the decisive third quarter. Berry Holt had 11 points, and captain Rusty Lawrence scored 9.

## Riggins, Grapplers Hold Tournament

The wrestling season closed this year with the first annual MBA intramural wrestling tournament sponsored by Mr. Riggins and the wrestling team. Open to anyone except varsity wrestlers, the tournament turned out a smashing success, as nearly a hundred boys tried their skills.

The preliminaries and quarterfinals began on Friday afternoon, February 24, with the varsity wrestlers serving as referees, timekeepers and scorers. Semi-finals and finals took place on the following Tuesday, Larry Mathes refereeing all finals matches.

Winners in the various weight classes were as follows:

- 90 lbs. . . . Robert Ramsey
- 99 lbs. . . . Jay Ramsey
- 107 lbs. . . . Tom Curtis
- 117 lbs. . . . John Haywood
- 129 lbs. . . . Billy Adams
- 137 lbs. . . . Bubba Herrington
- 145 lbs. . . . Scott Grice
- 152 lbs. . . . Lee Buchanan
- 169 lbs. . . . Paul Worley
- 185 lbs. . . . Mike Denson
- Heavyweight. . . . Aaron Brown

The championship match in the 185-lb. class between Bill Husband and Mike Denson was judged the best match of the tournament. Aaron Brown in the finals scored the fastest pin by downing Ricky Roark in eleven seconds.

## Life on the Farm

by Alex Nicholson

"The Farm" is, of course, a somewhat obsolete, yet ever-popular name for Leland Stanford Junior University. Actually, the 9900-odd acres that now comprise the University campus were once the horse farm of Leland Stanford, Sr., railroad tycoon and Senator from California.

The school offers its courses on the quarter system. Three quarters—autumn, winter, and spring—suffice for a normal academic year. The advantage of such a system lies chiefly in the fact that each quarter terminates before a vacation period. Whereas I was completely free over the Christmas holidays, my friends from such semester-system schools as Duke, Amherst, and Vanderbilt had books to read and papers to write—and exams facing them within two weeks after they returned.

My English last quarter was unlike anything I had ever experienced at MBA. It was a course in original, critical thinking and the philosophy of expression. The class required six papers and no tests; topics for discussion included art, ethics, literature, and history. We read Plato and Thomas Mann, among others.

Latin is my smallest class—with around ten students. Last quarter my teacher was the head of the Classics Department; this quarter a visiting professor from (I believe) the University of Berlin is teaching my class. Cicero and Catullus have been our subjects.

I think now a few words on living conditions and environment would be appropriate. The general policy in selecting roommates is that a boy from out of state is usually put with a boy from California

(my roommate is from Los Angeles.) Although about half the students here come from California, there is a great geographic diversity. There are only three freshmen (out of 1290) from Tennessee; myself, a boy from Memphis, and a boy from Knoxville.

Outside activities in which I have participated or plan to participate in include these: freshman hostel group, creative writing workshop, a seminar-discussion group on Hermann Hesse, a ping pong class for part of my phys. ed. requirement, freshman literary magazine, and intramural wrestling.



To conclude this missive, I would like to give a brief evaluation of how well my MBA preparation has served me here so far. My judgment must, of course, be very limited, since it is based on comparisons of MBA with other schools, such comparisons having been gleaned only from my conversations with fellow students. In writing English papers and history essay questions, my training especially in the AP classes, is, I feel, close to being unsurpassed. My preparation in Latin is likewise about the best I have seen. On the whole, my first quarter seemed easy in comparison to most of the work at MBA.



# The Bear Facts

by "Bear" Bryant

At this juncture between the winter and spring sports, let us look at the facts of the past months and the hopes of the future seasons.

In basketball, the cold facts are that the season ended at 11-11—some disappointment for the defending 18th District Champions. Those facts can, however, be deceiving. The first loss was to MUS, and the game was played without the services of the Clinic Bowl-engaged footballers. The next four losses must also be considered in the light of the late football season. The addition of the defending State Champions—the Pearl High Tigers—to the schedule made the Eighteenth District about the toughest around. The figures reveal that the Big Red lost 3 games by a total of 7 points, and that, if one discounts the two slaughters at the hands of Pearl, it lost its other games by an average of 9.2 points while winning by an average of 15.8 points. We must also note that had we not lost to Lebanon by a mere four points in the Franklin Invitational we would have continued to that Championship, since Lebanon was the eventual winner. The big Red came on strong at the end of the season, winning 9 of their last 12 games, and is seeded sixth in the tournament.

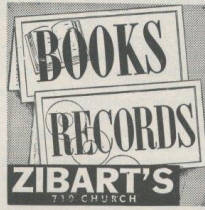
The wrestling team also suffered from the late football season, or so captain Harry Denson laments. However, the defending Regional Champs, led by new coach Riggins, improved to a 3-7 final record and placed second in both the city and Regional Tournaments. The primary lack appeared in the upper weights where experience was lost because of the graduation of Geoff Braden, Tom Gambill, and Alf Sharp. The slack was taken up, however, by A. Reed, Tom Sharp, and Alan Kirkpatrick who performed quite ably. The Big Red sent its largest contingent ever to the State Tournament as eight grapplers journeyed to Chattanooga. Only Clyde Smith and Duke Elam made it past the quarter-finals, but these two placed fourth and third respectively in their weight classes.

The prospects for the next year on the hardcourt look very good. The varsity will return starters Roudy and Peoples plus reserves Holt, Haury, Herbert, Husband, and Arnold. The successful J. V. will doubtless add needed support. The outlook for the wrestling team looks somewhat more bleak. Graduating are Elam, Denson, Reed, Mann, the elder Kirkpatrick, and many strong reserves. The lower weights appear solidly led by Smith, Harland, Porter, Martin, and Brett Kirkpatrick, but the heavier boys will have to come a long way to replace this year's stalwarts. One of the most promising aspects of wrestling at MBA is the institution of the Annual Intramural Wrestling Tournament. Nearly 100 boys (including your reporter) participated, and Coach Riggins discovered some likely prospects. The Tournament succeeded admirably in its purpose of generating interest in the sport, and if a significant portion of these boys remains enthusiastic, the future of wrestling on the Hill looks indeed bright.

Now let's turn our crystal ball to the future of the spring sports. All the coaches I have talked to appear to be looking forward to one of the most successful springs ever. Mr. Bennett said, "This is the year for baseball at MBA. With a little luck we can win the NIL." Coach Bennett went on to cite last year's 11-4 season, the loss of only two players, and the fact that the team participated in the Gilbert League as a unit last summer as good evidence in support of his optimism. The team seems to share this anticipation. When informed of his coach's predictions, ace hurler Elliot Jones said, "Well duh; how can we lose?"

Mr. Rule also voiced confidence as he discussed the prospects for the tennis team. He said the Big Red netters should repeat as the NIL champs for the 21st time in the past 22 years and have a good chance of successfully defending their State Championship. As far as the composition of the team is concerned, Mr. Rule said, "In the top six we will have Nelson, Beauchamp, Lawrence, Tatum, Stewart, and one other boy." The loss of highly regarded Greer Cummings and Dent Shillinglaw from last year's squad will no doubt be felt, but the above boys should do quite well in replacing them. The only dark cloud on the tennis horizon appears to be the possible recurrence of the knee injury Charlie Nelson sustained during the football season. Both Charlie and his doctor feel, however, that the knee will come around, and Mr. Rule expresses his feeling that healthy Nelson is "the best player in the state."

The track team also has the potential for great success. The Big Red runners participated in the season's first competition at an indoor meet in Knoxville on February 25. Although encountering stiff opposition from out-of-state, the trackmen looked quite good compared to the other Tennessee teams. Jay Bowen looks strong in the 440, while crack half-miler Robbie Quinn should break his own school record and many others. The mile relay team of Bowen, Brach, Brackin, and Meeks is very strong. Hank Brackin's high and broad jumping should provide many points for the Big Red. Mike Tidwell contributes needed depth in the hurdles.



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## Somewhere My Love

In its second year of operation, the MBA chorus has not only expanded into two separate groups, but also improved the quality and scope of its arrangements and appearances.

Again under the expert direction of the renowned Mr. Gregory Colson, the chorus at the first of the year was pressed with so many talented applicants that Mr. Colson decided to split the group into a junior-high and senior-high chorus which practice separately but can be combined.

Another policy change was Mr. Colson's decision to broaden the repertoire of arrangements to include many which are unusually difficult, but very rewarding both to the boys and to the audiences. The effects of this decision will be especially noticeable in the spring, when a special performance will take place featuring Mr. Colson's arrangements of the "Chichester

psalms," and the score from *West Side Story*.

This season's debut was before the MBA student body. The combined choruses sang several arrangements, including a very well-executed rendition of "Somewhere My Love."

The chorus' Christmas tour began at Harpeth Hall, where, after Mr. Colson suppressed a riotous audience, the singers completed a magnificent *tour de force*.

Following this appearance was a full schedule of holiday performances. To the accolades of the audiences, the chorus sang at the Vine Street Christian Church, West End Methodist Church, Cheekwood, and the MBA Alumni Banquet at Hillwood Country Club. These programs included the songs "While By My Sheep," "Chestnuts Roasting," and "The Heavens Declare."

## Service Club Still Here

With the sponsorship of Mr. Poston, the Service Club is once again caught up in a productive year. This organization not only involves the school, but also the community.

Some of the club members' contributions on campus have been taking money at basketball games and ushering at the J.V. basketball tournament; the club also will provide ushers at the annual commencement program. Finally, the club will pay for a photograph to hang in the gymnasium of MBA's NIL championship football team.

In the community, service club members have collected for the March of Dimes and will sponsor a program at MBA to contribute canned goods to families in need of help.

This year has also seen innovations in the club itself. The members of this honorary club have received membership pins and have written a formal constitution.

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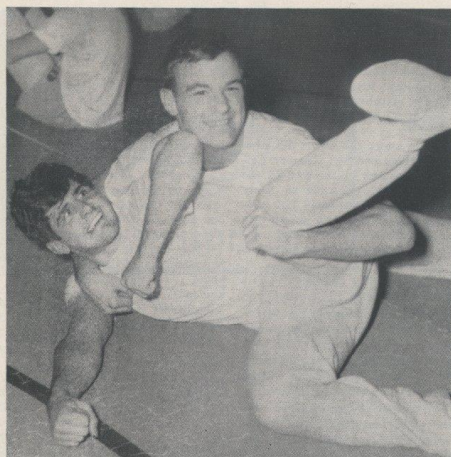
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### Personalities:

## Mathes, Denson Display Humor, Leadership, Etc.

"For by my own experience  
And you already knowed  
That women are the death of us  
Even when they're snowed."

The *Densiad*, Book I

Who penned these immortal words? The Bard of Stratford-On-Avon? No! Coleridge during an opium dream? No! The answer to this question is none other than this month's personality—Harry Denson (possibly during an opium dream, but more probably during physics class). Harry came to MBA as a freshman from New Jersey. Before anyone accuses Harry of being a Yankee, however, we must hastily add that he was born and spent most of his earlier years in Birmingham.

Harry's most important contribution to MBA outside of class has been in the area of athletics. His successes on the playing field began early. When Harry was twelve, he was the pitching half of the battery that led his Little League team to the Alabama State Championship. On the Hill, Harry has been a member of the varsity wrestling and football squads since his sophomore year. He has lettered the past two football seasons as an end and "monster-man." Harry has been most successful in wrestling. He has lettered all three years and this year served as co-captain of the Big Red grapplers. Last year Harry was a Regional Champion in the 154-pound class, and he has participated in the State Tournament the past two years.

Off campus Harry is an active member of the Calvary Methodist Church MYF and was for two years a member of Kappa Phi fraternity.

Harry will enter Birmingham Southern College next fall and plans eventually to become a doctor.

Now that the serious business is dispensed with, we must turn to Harry's crowning achievement—the one for which he is most envied on the Hill: Harry is the proud(?) owner of the only slave left in the United States. He just never got around to telling KB about the Emancipation Proclamation.

Harry's greatest literary achievement is the mock epic—*The Densiad*—quoted at the beginning of this article. In this future classic are related the exploits of

Harry and his companions over the past three years. The first two books concern Blair and Bracewell and contain such sage advice as that quoted previously. Book III contains the story of Harry's exploits in the Red Berets—penned in such immortal lines as "A plethora of griping To Thane Denson pours His hairy legs suspended six inches from the floor." Harry's philosophical bent is again revealed in this book as he advises:

"But now a wary proverb  
To be inserted yeards:

Only in stupidity  
Does man to woman turn."

The fourth book of the epic describes a voyage of the imagination that surpasses *The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner*. Here Harry predicts the future of the Century Class. Let's look at Englert and Dixon not too many years from now:

"I see thee know oh Englert  
The engineer to call

Launching the Apollo shot  
Into the blockhouse wall.

I see thee now oh Dixon,  
A night watchman very strong

Guarding jewels the whole night  
through

But missing pants at dawn."

The final book of the epic is dedicated to KB, showing that Harry isn't all bad. Here the poet pens such poignant lines as:

"The sound of girlish laughter  
Twinkled in my ears

The sound of splashing water  
Banished all my fears.

They took me to the castle  
Gentle as a lamb

And poured some *Fresco* in me  
And sandwiches of ham."

Athlete, poet, great wit—Harry Denson is one of the most indispensable institutions at MBA.

Of the many duties assigned to MBA boys, certainly the most harrowing and frustrating is that of attempting to line up ten football ushers and five boys to sell Big Red Cushions at the football games. It is, therefore, with true respect that the *Bell Ringer* pays tribute to Larry Mathes, president of the Big Red Club.

As if the Big Red Club were not enough for any human being,

Larry also serves as vice-president of the Dramatics club and Chaplain of the Hi-Y club (thankless task, indeed). Moreover, he has been a member of the Service club for two

### Alumni Banquet

(Continued from page 1)

campus, also gave some indication of the expense involved in these improvements, which included changes in the landscape and the addition to the new Justin Potter Language Laboratory.

Following the speakers, Mr. Sloan recognized the new officers of the Alumni Board, who are as follows: Bill Davidson, president; G. William Coble, vice-president; John Ball, secretary; and John Glenn, treasurer. Also recognized was the oldest living alumnus.

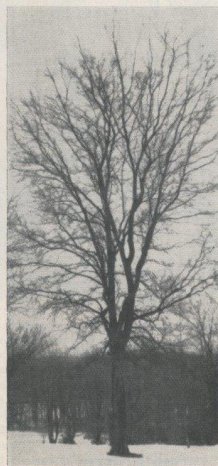
Among those who took part in the enjoyable evening were Mr. Joe Green, a former teacher at the Wallace School; Miss Ellen Wallace, the daughter of Mr. Clarence Wallace; Bob Ren of Boston, Massachusetts, of the Class of 1962; Tom Perry of St. Louis, Class of 1963; James Atkinson of Dallas, Texas, 1946; Nick Baum of New Jersey; and George G. Kirkpatrick of Rome, Georgia, also a former master at Montgomery Bell Academy.

The Alumni Banquet thus serves as a very entertaining evening, as well as an annual reunion for graduates.

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years and was a cheerleader this year (even more thankless).

Athletically, Larry's forte has been wrestling. Last season he was NIL champion and captured the Regional title in his weight class. This season, he assisted Mr. Riggins with the wrestling team, which was second-place in the region. Larry is known for his astute coaching ability, which has produced such championship wrestlers as Harry Denson (see picture above).

Larry's scholastic awards include a certificate of merit from the NEDT and two awards for the annual APSL nationwide Latin exam.

## What Did They Do With the Dirt From the Erie Canal, Mr. Riggins?

Every day, a certain brave and forthright man forsakes his plush penthouse in the Continental Apartments, Sam, his wife Hether, and even his Alpine to do battle with the world in the persons of his students at MBA. This stalwart instructor, Mr. John Riggins, skillfully imparts to these boys the lore of American history, English, and wrestling.

Tennessee is the latest of many states in which Mr. Riggins has lived. Because his father was in the oil business, he has travelled and lived in California, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and New Jersey. It was while living in New Jersey that he went to one of the best public high schools in the country, developing there an interest in history and earning (through lessons from his freshman history teacher) a brown belt in judo.

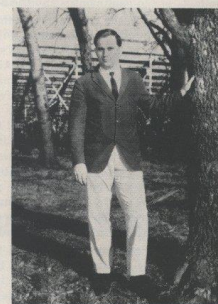
After high school, the University of the South claimed Mr. Riggins' talents. Besides earning his B.A. with honors in history, he was, in the field of academics, a member of the Order of the Gownsmen for all three years, a member of the Spanish and Russian clubs, and president of the honorary fraternity Sigma Chi Gamma.

Moreover, Mr. Riggins admits, his accomplishments at Sewanee did not stop with academics. He wrestled for three years and was active in intramural sports. A jazz enthusiast, he was publicity officer for the Jazz Society. In the field of publications, he worked for the *Sewanee Purple* as sports editor in his junior year and features editor in his senior year. Also an accomplished musician, Mr. Riggins played the tympani for the

### Forensic Team

(Continued from page one)

Crabtree in poetry, and Loyd Smith in extemporaneous, competed at Montgomery Central High School on March 4. Here Bryant and Terry placed third in negative debate, and Crabtree and Smith each placed third in their events.



Chamber Orchestra and drums in the band.

And then, in the summer before his senior year, he achieved the Great American Dream: he married his childhood sweetheart, Hether. Mrs. Riggins, a very charming lady and a great help to her husband in writing his tests, works as secretary for Dr. Andrew Miller.

Another aspect of Mr. Riggins' life is his collie Sam, who adopted the Rigginses while they were at Sewanee. "He seemed attracted to my wife," says Mr. Riggins.

After a few more years of teaching, Mr. Riggins plans to attend Michigan State, Columbia, or the University of Texas to earn his Ph.D. in history. He would then like to move to his former home state of Texas to teach.

Mr. Riggins is well-liked at MBA for his sharp sense of humor and unusual teaching ability. Using new approaches to the everyday problems of teaching, he achieves a much-needed freshness and originality in his classes.

Anyone who knows Mr. Riggins can vouch for the fact that the best way to become his friend is simply to ask him, "Sir, what did they do with the dirt from the Erie canal?" Try it sometime, and you'll see (what made him such a good wrestler).

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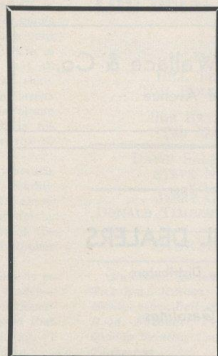
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